

1000 GALLONS TO BE IMBIBED

J. C. Bole Near Collapse at Thot of Drinkers.

NEED MILK

Mad Man Forgets Seckle in Haste to Protest.

As athletic looking old fellow dashed up to the chairman of the parade committee just a few minutes before the procession was to start, he waved far enough away from his neck to let the throng which gathered see that he was without pocket due to his terrible haste, and to arrive at the conclusion that he was none other than the well known Dr. J. C. Bole. He was plainly over- wrought. "Gentlemen, what can you be thinking about?" he shouted between gasps of breath. "I have authentic evidence that between ten and fifteen thousand gallons of whiskey and beer will be consumed right here in Columbia this day. Whether we win, lose or draw in this terrible gridiron endeavor today, we will drink, drink, drink!" The good doctor paused and wept.

When asked by an Extra reporter just what he proposed to do, he said he was not going to charter a hall or even a moving picture show. "I desire to ride in the executive float and be given a megaphone. I shall explain to these impressionable young fledglings the evils of that great-great—the doctor's voice trembled—"that serpent that is said to heal snakebites and yet stingeth with insidiousness—I mean the demon alcohol!" When told that it would be impossible to get him into the procession of the well known friend of the buttermilk and sarsaparilla, trusts hesitated. "Then," he said, "I shall get a search warrant for the hip pockets of every old graduate that has returned. Pint bottles shall warrant an arrest and quarts shall result in a two weeks' diet on buttermilk and sarsaparilla."

And, as the float moved away, the doctor had started for the courthouse, determined to have the janitor arrange for the hip-pocket search warrant. The Extra has no comment to make on Doctor Bole's threat, being, as it does, that his charge is groundless. But, if among its readers there is even one whose hip

pocket bulges, then in this little rhapsody is a word of "Beware."

GOV. TANGOES—NIX

Gardner Refuses to Compete With Predecessor.

Columbia's smart set was shocked and grieved this morning when the announcement was made from Governor Gardner's private car on a switch near the Kappa Sig house, that the chief executive had cancelled his engagement to tango at the Imagination Knitting Tea to be given after the game. The refusal came as the result of an announcement made a short time previous that Elliot W. Major had decided after several weeks' consideration, to tango between halves on Rollins Field this afternoon. It is easy to understand why Governor Gardner would refuse to compete in the tangoing business with his very successful tangoing predecessor.

Some Class to Klass.

Have you missed the cheering face of Percy Klass, alderman and general man about town, from the throngs who are viewing this parade? There is no need to look for him as he's not on the street. As the parade started he was seen by an Extra reporter conferring with Mayor Boggs on how to get into the game gratis. He was heard to remark that unless he received complimentary tickets to the game he would see that the visitors got no police protection.

U. Heads Warm Up.

Chancellor Strong of Kansas and President Hill were out in their track suits this morning for a little sprint, preparatory to the track meet before the big game. Each contestant made three spurts around the track.

KICK-OFFS

Effective.
You say you sealed her lips with yours? Yes, she's never spoken to me since.

Mable kissed me last night.
Well, did you kiss her back?
No, she wasn't wearing that kind of a gown.—Punch Bowl.

Smart Youth.
History Prof.—Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?
Wise Fresh—Because there were so many knights.

Cutting.
Mr. Suphead — On my army application there is a place to tell the condition of my mind. What would you advise me to answer?
Miss Knitting — Leave it blank.

Lawyer—How large were the hoofs? Were they as large as my feet or hands?

Darkey — No, sah; they was jus' ordinary-sized hoof, sah.

Manager: Hey, there! Run up that curtain, will you?

Stage Hand: Say! I'm hired as a stage hand, not a squirrel.

Ed (in motor car): "This controls the

brake. It is put on very quickly in case of an emergency."
Co-ed: "Oh, I see. Something like a kl-mono."

Details Lacking.
Solicitous Old Gentleman—Hello, Willie! How is your grandpa standing the heat?
Smart William—Haven't heard from him yet. He's only been dead a week.

CLASSIFIED
Wanted — Ten old wash boilers for Ford gas tanks. E. C. Kwicksales.

For Sale—The next to the best railroad in Columbia. Wabash R. R.

For Rent—Shoes for 100 feet on Broadway. Guitars.

Wanted — Twenty-four hours every day in which to complete my work. J. Hestes.

Lost—One goat. Apply Jayhawk Bond, Kansas Training Quarters.

For Sale — Eleven football suits in poor condition. Address Care Athletic Department, Kansas U.

Suits Pressed — Let us do your work and you will bring your clothes back.—Daily.

Wanted—We can use several new customers —highest prices. V. Barth.

bRING yOur prInT-Ing to The HeRald-StatesMAN oFFIce—work neatly and alt-IsTicAlly dONE—IT Tempts the oPtIc neRve. sTateSman Company.

SERVICE

If you talk loud and long enough your order will be delivered at your funeral

MENZ

You can't monkey with our prices. They are out of reach.

SMATHYOUS

Kerosene Oils

You'll know the difference Always cost the price

Filler Tires

Just Phone 1000 Times

and we'll get our white flier on the spot as soon as we are able.

Hoax & Kidsome

Mr. Student

You are part owner in this student-owned and managed store.

Our prices are as low as the highest and we return every penny of profit we don't want, to you.

We haven't the heart to take too much; 95% profit is all we ask.

Buy here and try to forget

The Cop-All

IF YOU LIKE TO STAND UP

We've got just the CHAIR for you

SHARKER FURNITURE COMPANY

Suit Sale

Come in and take a few of our left overs off the shelves.

Broadcloth in Navy, (the patriotic color.)

But you can't beetroot.

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